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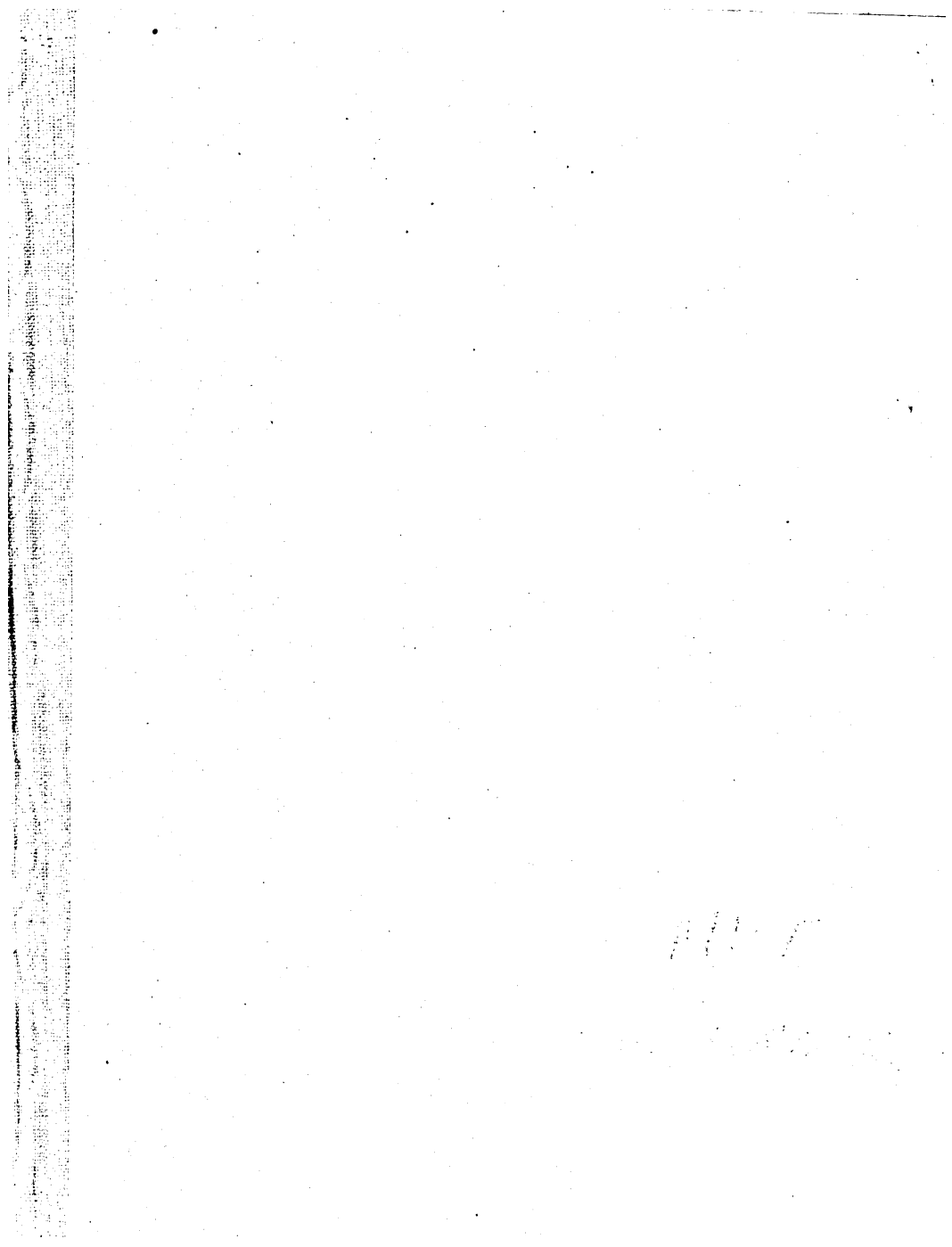
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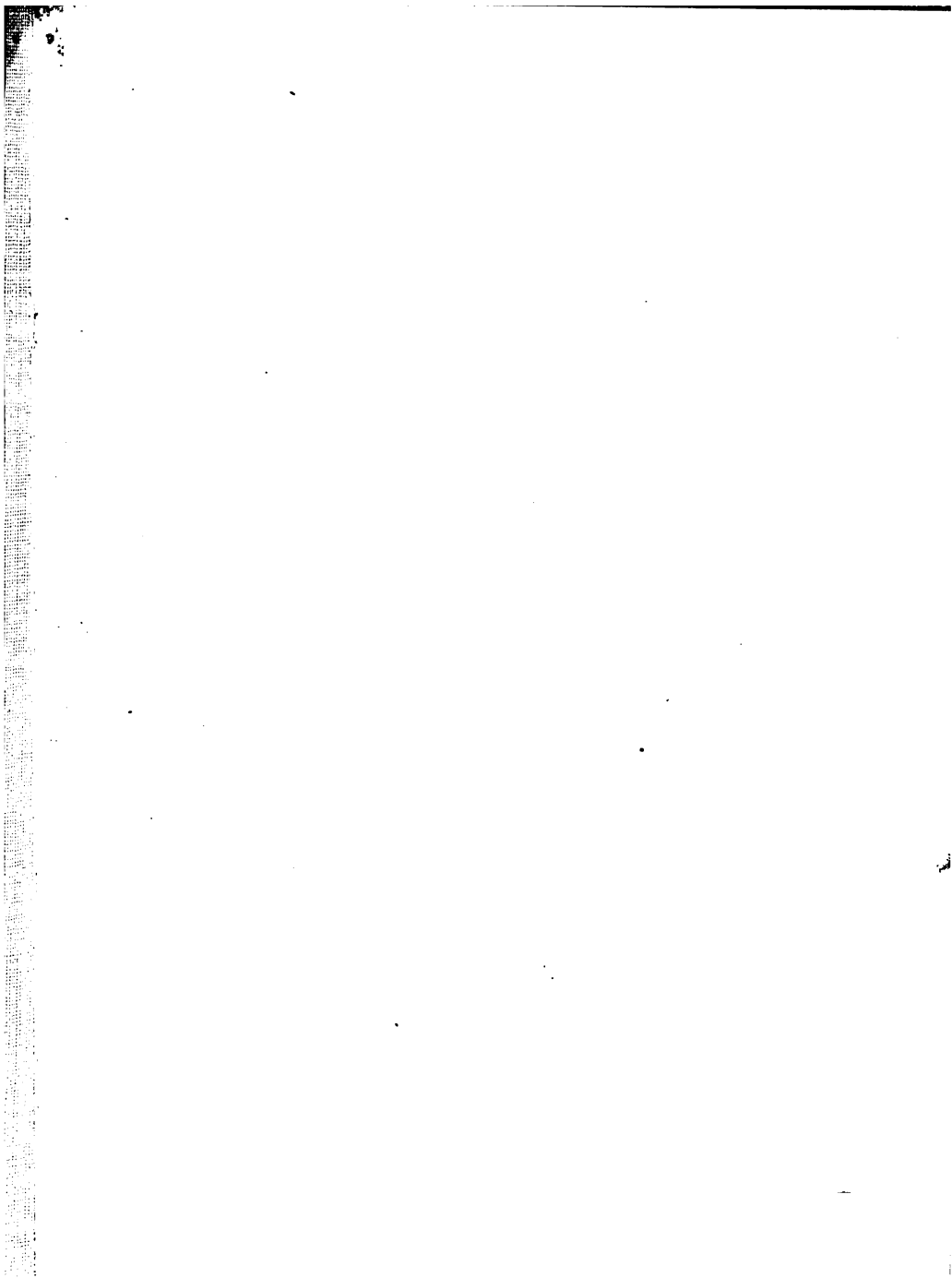
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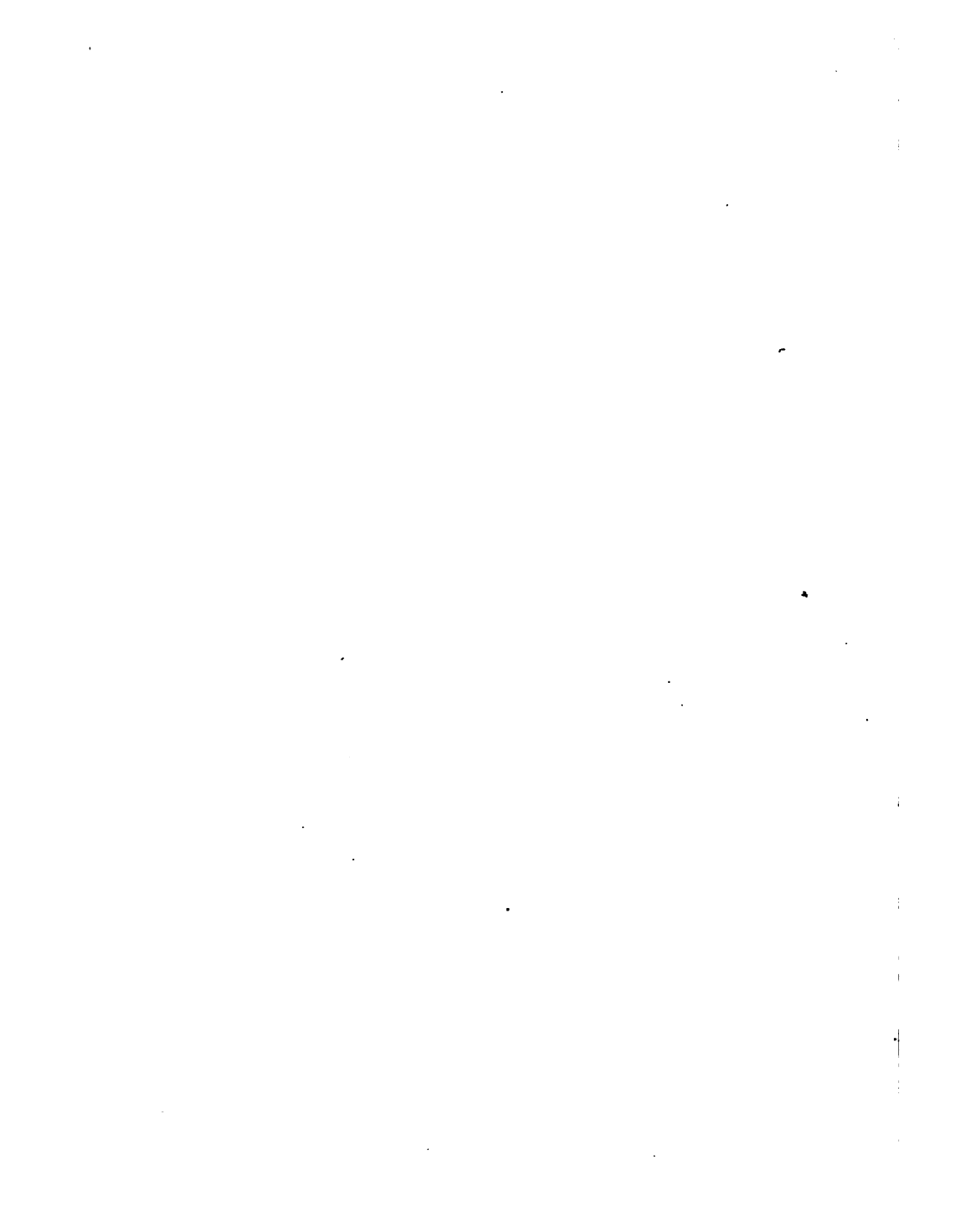


(Kilmarock)
MVT





The
Kilmarnock Treatise on Curling.



The Kilmarnock Treatise on Curling.

1828.



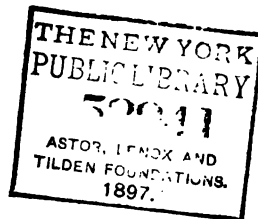
“Cauld cranreuch cleeds the crisping grass,
The streams hae ceased their purling,
The limpid springs are sealed wi’ glass,
Then hie we to the curling.”

Curling Annual, 1825

EDINBURGH.

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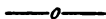
Two Hundred and Fifty Copies.

(Privately printed.)

ROY W. B.
CLUB
Y. A. B.



P R E F A C E.



THIS work, occasionally known as "The Kilmarnock Treatise on Curling," which title has now been adopted for the sake of brevity; is the second publication that bears on the subject. It was issued in 1828, followed by "Memorabilia Curliana Mabenensia," 1830, Cairnie of Largs "Essay," 1833, and the "Curler's Magazine," Dumfries, 1842. These four works, along with "An Account of the Game of Curling," by the Rev. John Ramsay, 1811, may be said to constitute nearly the whole stock of the literature connected with this sport, so far as the separately published works relating

to it are concerned. The original is a small 12mo booklet of 48 closely printed pages, somewhat insignificant and unattractive in appearance, and to which cause doubtless its scarcity may in a great measure be attributed; as few copies seem to have escaped the ravages of time during the fifty-five years its course has run. The present reprint may possibly again bring it into notice, and give it a new lease of life.

Emerging in all the freshness of its new existence, it may gladden the hearts of some, who though now no longer able to contend in friendly strife on the rink,

“When age has weakened manhood’s power,
And every nerve unbraced,”

may still find some solace and pleasure in its pages, and fight their battles o’er again,

“With the friends that death has spared,
When youth’s wild course is run,
They’ll tell of the glories they have shared,
And the *games* which *they* have won.”

Curling has long been a popular amusement in various districts of Scotland, and throughout the County of Ayr. It appears to have been

practised in Kilmarnock as far back as 1644, the year in which that justly esteemed and greatly persecuted divine, the Rev. William Guthrie, was ordained Minister of Fenwick, (then called New Kilmarnock), who according to his biographer "used the innocent recreations and exercises which then prevailed,—fishing, fowling, and playing on the ice, which at the same time continued to preserve a vigorous health." M'Kay in his History of Kilmarnock devotes a chapter to the pastimes of the people, and to that popular work the reader is referred for some interesting notices of the game.

John
J. Macnair.

EDINBURGH, *October 1883.*





A
DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL
SKETCH
OF
CURLING:
ALSO,
RULES, PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS, SONGS,
TOASTS, AND A GLOSSARY.

When snaw lies white on ilka knowe,
The ice stane and the good broom kowe
Can warm us like a bleezing low;
Fair-fa' the ice and curling!
SIR A. BOSWELL.

Quhare I miaknaw myne errour, quho it findis,
For charite amend it, gentil wicht.
DOUG. VING. PROL. 272.

KILMARNOCK:
PUBLISHED BY H. CRAWFORD, BOOKSELLER.

1828.

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soraete, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvae laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.
Dissolve frigus, * * * * *

HORACE.



P R E F A C E.

THE chief design in this little Publication has been, to collect, in such a form as might be generally accessible, whatever appeared interesting connected with the game of Curling. The Compilers are indebted for the Historical Notices, and some other parts of the Pamphlet, to Dr. Jamieson's Dictionary, Brewster's Encyclopædia, and an "Account of Curling by a Member of the Duddingston Society:" upon the last of which they have drawn very largely.

Hitherto, it is believed, there has been no attempt to make a Collection of the Songs and Toasts peculiar to Curling. The present, however imperfectly executed, it is hoped will contribute to promote sociality in many a "Curler's Ha'."

Some Songs of rather *moderate* merit are inserted: but the small number current left little room for selection.

The Compilers return thanks to their numerous Correspondents, and to the Committees of the Curling Clubs in Kilmarnock. They will perceive that in many instances their suggestions have been complied with. Many Songs were received too late for insertion.

January 17th, 1828.



TO
THE PRESIDENTS
AND
MEMBERS OF THE CURLING CLUBS
OF
KILMARNOCK,
THIS PAMPHLET IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE COMPILERS.



DESCRIPTIVE
AND
Historical Sketch, &c.

I.

DESCRIPTION OF THE STONES, RINK AND GAME.



CURLING, one of our national amusements, bears some resemblance to the games of bowls and billiards: and consists in propelling smooth stones on the ice towards a mark. Curling stones are made of granite or whinstone blocks of close texture. Those whinstone nodules, called *yolks*, because of their toughness and never breaking into large fragments, are considered the best. They are generally made of a spherical form, flattened above and below, so that their breadth may almost be twice their thickness. The upper

and under surfaces are made parallel to each other, the latter finely polished, and the angles of both rounded off. The sole of the stone, in some districts, is hollowed out in the middle, and in others, it is made a little convex: but that which is perfectly level is unquestionably the best. They are made from thirty to sixty lbs. avoirdupois weight; and a handle of iron or wood is inserted into the upper surface.

The ice of the rink should be quite level, smooth, and without cracks; especially those running longitudinally or obliquely. At each end of the rink a hole or tee is formed, and around it are described two circles of different diameters, for calculating at sight the relative distances of the stones from the tee; actual measurement not being allowed till the end of each *bead*. A hog-score, which is often made waving, is then drawn across the rink at each end. The state of the weather, or the ice, generally determines the length of the rink from tee to tee; but its breadth is usually ten or twelve feet. About ten feet, also, are swept behind the tee at each end to allow those stones, which are too strongly played,

to pass it. A longitudinal hollow for the foot is cut in the ice, or a trigger is placed, in such a situation, that every player, in delivering his stone, may make it pass over the tee. There are commonly eight players and sixteen stones on a rink, each player having two : but in some districts there are sixteen players on a rink, each having only one stone. The best curlers have generally the power of arranging the order of the game : and whoever is last in order gives directions to the rest of his party : or appoints another to that duty. The first player, in his party, is called the forehand or lead, and the last the hindhand or driver.

At first the game is by no means intricate ; the first player trying to lay his stone on the middle of the rink, a little short of the tee : and the next endeavouring to do nearly the same. The object of the third is to guard the stone of his partner, if it be near the tee ; or to strike off that of his antagonist, if it be nearer. The one who follows has exactly the same duty to perform ; or, if no stone be near the tee, to draw a shot. As the game advances it becomes more intricate : if

the winner is completely guarded, the player, in order to approach it, must take a wick off a stone lying at the side : or endeavour to get round the guards by twisting.* Should these modes be impossible, the next is to ride a shot: and if this would be attended with danger, it is prudent to throw aside the stone without attempting any thing.

* The Compilers are indebted for the following Note to a gentleman of much experience in Curling.—Twisting, the latest improvement in Curling, is most effectually performed on keen ice, with a broad-soled stone. All Curlers must have observed, that on very smooth ice, the stone often unexpectedly deviates from its course ; nay, sometimes runs altogether off the rink, without any apparent cause. Twisting presents an effectual remedy for this, and also for every kind of bias in the ice, because a stone, delivered with that degree of this rotary motion which the case may require, never leaves the *direction* given to it by the player, until the impetus which had been applied to it is almost exhausted. The effect of the Twist is then so powerful, as frequently to enable the player to come to the tee, or the bosom of the winner, although these seemed completely guarded. It has been objected to Twisting, that it renders it much more difficult to know the strength required to propel the stone to a particular distance : but were this true, (which the writer denies,) the advantages now pointed out more than counterbalance it. No player, who has fully acquired this art, ever abandons it ; the great advantage which it gives him over the uninitiated, sufficiently evinces to him its excellence.

Much responsibility is attached to the office of director of the game. Under an inexperienced and injudicious director all the dexterity of the most skilful player will avail him comparatively nothing. To conduct the game with spirit, it is also essential that every player should be provided with a broom. The stone nearest the tee counts one, and if the second, third, fourth, &c., belong to the same party, all these count so many shots. The number usually played for is thirty-one shots, for each side.


When the nobility resided upon their estates, it was usual for one baron to send a challenge to another, to engage in a bonspel with their respective tenants. Matches are now made by one parish challenging another ; by one part of a parish against another : by two clubs, or by the married against the bachelors. It is the privilege of the conquerors to choose the place where they are next to play, if the vanquished wish again to contend.



II.

RULES AND PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS.

Rules.

1.  RINK is commonly made from thirty-six to forty-four or fifty yards inclusive: but circumstances, and the agreement of parties, must regulate this. When a game is begun, the rink cannot be changed or altered, unless by the consent of a majority of players: and it can be shortened, only when it is apparent that the majority cannot make up.

II. The hogscore must be distant from the tee one sixth part of the length of the rink. Every stone to be deemed a hog which does not completely clear the score.*

* The Duddingston rule is, Every stone to be deemed a hog, the *role* of which does not clear the score.

III. Every player to foot so, that in delivering his stone it shall pass over the tee.

IV. The order of playing adopted at the beginning must not be changed during a game.

V. Curling stones to be of a circular shape. No stone to be changed throughout a game, unless it happens to be broken; and the largest fragment of such stone to count, without any necessity of playing with it more. If a stone rolls or is upset, it must be placed upon its sole where it stops. Should the handle quit a stone in the delivery, the player must keep hold of it, otherwise he will not be entitled to replay the shot.

VI. The player may sweep his own stone the whole length of the rink; his party not to sweep until it has passed the first hogscore;* and his adversaries not to sweep till it has passed the tee. The sweeping to be always to a side.

VII. None of the players, upon any account, to cross or go upon the middle of the rink.

VIII. If in sweeping, or otherwise, a running stone is marred by any of the party to which it

* At Duddingston the rule is, His party not to sweep until it has passed the hogscore at the farther end.

belongs, it must be put off the rink ; if by any of the adverse party, it must be placed agreeably to the direction which was given to the player ; and if it is marred by any other means, the player may take his shot again. Should a stone at rest be accidentally displaced, it must be put as near as possible in its former situation.

IX. Every player to be ready when his turn comes, and to take only a reasonable time to play his shot. Should he, by mistake, play with a wrong stone, it must be replaced where it stops, by the one with which he ought to have played.

X. A doubtful shot must be measured by a neutral person, whose determination shall be final.

XI. Before beginning to play, each party must name one of their number for directing the game. The players of his party may give their advice to the one so named, but they cannot controul his direction ; nor are they to address themselves to the person who is about to play. Each director, when it is his turn to play, to name one of his party to take the charge for him. Every player to follow the direction given to him.

XII. Should any question arise, the determination of which may not be provided for by the words and spirit of these rules, each party to choose one of their number, in order to determine it. If the two so chosen differ in opinion, they are to name an umpire, whose decision shall be final.

Practical Directions.

FOOTING.—Place the right foot firmly on the trigger, and the left in a direct line before it, pointing to the object to be aimed at. If the left foot is placed too much to the right or left, the stone is apt to run obliquely in one of these directions—producing wide play.

DELIVERING.—Lift the stone completely off the ice.—Avoid looking at your stone or feet while delivering; but keep your eye steadily fixed on the object aimed at. Make the stone alight fairly on its sole: and, without throwing it too far before you, make it slide gently forward,—the weight of the body accompanying the throw.

OUTSIDE TWIST.—Lift the stone as before.

Swing it towards the side, outward and forward, making it describe a semicircle. This is done with the shoulder and elbow joints, without turning the wrist much.

INSIDE TWIST.—Lift the stone as before ; and as the swing forward is given, bring the elbow close to the body, turning the wrist fully in delivering.





III.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE GAME. IS IT OF SCOTTISH OR CONTINENTAL ORIGIN?

THE origin of the game of Curling, like that of many other sports, is involved in obscurity. No ancient writer notices it before the commencement of the seventeenth century; at which period it appears to have been pretty generally practised. Had it been so in the fifteenth, or the beginning of the sixteenth century, it could not have been overlooked in those Lists of ancient Scottish amusements, which have been transmitted to us. In the statutes of the fifteenth century, we find golf and foot-ball prohibited, with the view of promoting "the noble art of archery:" but the existence of such a game as Curling, is not even hinted at.

The rudeness of the stones, formerly in use, (if we may form a judgment from the few remaining,) is another evidence that the game is recent, at least in this country. They appear to have been unpolished blocks, with a protuberance at top, and a niche for the finger and thumb, instead of a handle. Their comparative smallness too makes it probable that they were thrown like quoits. It is only lately that they have been made neatly and uniformly: and as nothing connected with the arts remain stationary, such improvements would undoubtedly have been made long before, if the game had been of extreme antiquity.

The enquiry naturally presents itself, In what country did Curling originate? While some contend that the game is Scottish, others maintain that it is Continental, and was thence introduced to us. Those who claim it as indigenous assert, that incontestible historical evidence establishes the fact of its existence in this country, for upwards of two centuries:—that it was practised in no other country till very recently:—and that travellers in Germany, or the Low Countries, and those who have long resided there, have been

unable to trace the existence of such a game among the inhabitants.

Those who favour the opinion, that it had its origin on the Continent, and was thence conveyed to us, reply,—That it is extremely difficult to ascertain whether it is, or is not, practised on the Continent. Millions in England and Ireland, and many persons even in Scotland, never heard of such a game. No foreigner, who has travelled in this country, has noticed it: none of our historians mention it: and it is only by one or two antiquaries and lawyers, that it is incidentally alluded to. A similar fate may have befallen it in the Low Countries; and the numerous changes, which must occur in the course of a few centuries, would amply account for its present disappearance there. Such arguments then are by no means conclusive.

Powerful etymological evidence supports its foreign origin. The terms being all Dutch or German, point to the Low Countries as the place whence we, at least, derived our knowledge of it. It is admitted that the Saxon was once in pretty general use in Scotland, and that many Dutch

words are still retained in our language; yet these German dialects were never so universally diffused, as to make it probable that Scotsmen, in any invention, would use them as the appropriate technical terms. The history of inventions presents no such phenomenon. Had only one or two foreign terms been used in the game, these would not have gone far to disprove its Scottish origin; but the whole of the old terms being foreign, are irresistible proofs of its Continental origin.

Evidence, however, exists that Curling, or a game strongly resembling it, *was* originally practised on the Continent. Kilian in his *Etymologicon Teutonicæ Linguæ*, an edition of which was published in the year 1632, renders the Teutonic words, *kluyten, kalluyten*, (*ludere massis sive globis glaciatis; certare discis in æquore glaciato.*) We know not exactly what these "round masses of ice" were; but they appear to have been employed on the ice, in a game resembling quoits. It is a strong proof of Curling having originally been only the game of quoits on the ice, that till lately it was called by the common people, over all Scotland, kuting or quouting.

It is supposed then, that the Flemings were the people, who in the fifteenth, or about the beginning of the sixteenth century, introduced Curling into this country. We have it recorded by our historians, that in the reign of James I. of Scotland, numerous bands from Flanders, encouraged by the rewards and immunities held out by that monarch, came and settled in our country. The object of James was to revive the prosperity of the country, by introducing industrious artisans, and manufacturers of every description, into her towns; which had been wasted and depopulated for 150 years previous, in incessant wars with the English. Buchanan, B. x. C. 41.





IV.

HISTORY OF THE GAME IN SCOTLAND.

THE earliest notice of Curling, which has been discovered, is in Camden's *Britannia*, published in 1607. In it Copinsha, one of the Orkney islands, is mentioned as famous for "excellent stones for the game called Curling." This proves that it was then in considerable repute; when stones were sought at so great a distance from any place where the game could be practised. Before the middle of the seventeenth century, Curling was generally practised on Sunday, (Baillie's *Letters*;) that sacred day, even some time after the reformation from popery, being allotted for amusements of all kinds. In 1684 the game is noticed in *Fountainhall's Decisions*; and in 1792 Pennant, in his *Tour*, describes it at length.

Pennycuick, who flourished in the seventeenth century, calls it "a manly Scottish exercise;" and celebrates it as calculated

To clear the brain, stir up the native heat,
And give a gallant appetite for meat.

The other Scottish poets who have described or alluded to it are, Allan Ramsay, in the beginning of the last century; Græme, who died at Lanark in 1785; Burns; Davidson of Kirkcudbright; and Grahame, the author of "the Sabbath."

In such high repute was the game, about the beginning of last century, that the magistrates of Edinburgh marched in a body to the North Loch, to spend the day in Curling. In going out and returning, they were preceded by a band of music, playing appropriate airs. The Duddingston Society, which had been declining, was re-instituted in 1795; and silver medals were worn by the members, as a badge of distinction. A gold medal, to be played for annually, was instituted in 1809. Such a mode of exciting a spirit of emulation, and of contributing to promote accuracy and dexterity in the art, is worthy of universal imitation.

Curling has never yet been universal in Scotland. The upper and middle Wards of Lanarkshire, certain parts of Peebles, Edinburgh, Perth,*

* The following description of a curious old custom may be relied on as correct. 'In many parishes of Perthshire it is customary, after the usual dinner of beef and greens, to hold what is called a Curling Court. Before the Court is fenced, every member who has not been brothered, must submit to that ceremony, or leave the room. The Curler is initiated by receiving the *grip*, which consists in catching him by the thumb, in the manner that the curling stone is held :—and in making him repeat the *curling word*, "I promise never to go to the ice without a broom : I will fit fair ; sweep weel ; take all the brittle (angled) shots I can ; and cangle (dispute) to a hair-breadth." The party then proceed to elect a president, whom they are bound to address as "my lord ;" and an officer, whose duty is to collect fines and keep order. These two are privileged persons, allowed to do and say what they please. The other members of the Court are forbidden, by his lordship, to transgress any of the following regulations ; under the penalty of a halfpenny for each offence : "There are to be no *sirs* in this Court ; every one to be addressed name and surname : there is to be no scratching of heads, no hands in bosoms, no leg-owroms, and no swearing." Sometimes the members take fictitious titles ; which are the means of making the fines much more numerous. It is impossible to give any idea of the blunders, and consequent mirth, to which the Curling Court gives rise. It seldom sits longer than an hour and a half.'

In the Carse of Gowrie, there is the model of a curling

Dumfries, and Ayr* Shires, are distinguished for their attachment to the game.

Curling is supposed to have been introduced into Ireland by Scottish colonies, in the reign of James I. of England: but is now totally unknown there. It is becoming popular in some of the northern counties of England; and was practised, a few years ago, on the New River at London. It there attracted such a crowd of spectators, that the ice began to give way: and the players were unwillingly obliged to desist from their sport. It has been carried across the Atlantic, and established in the frozen regions of North America. There it promises to acquire a celebrity, unattainable in our milder climate.

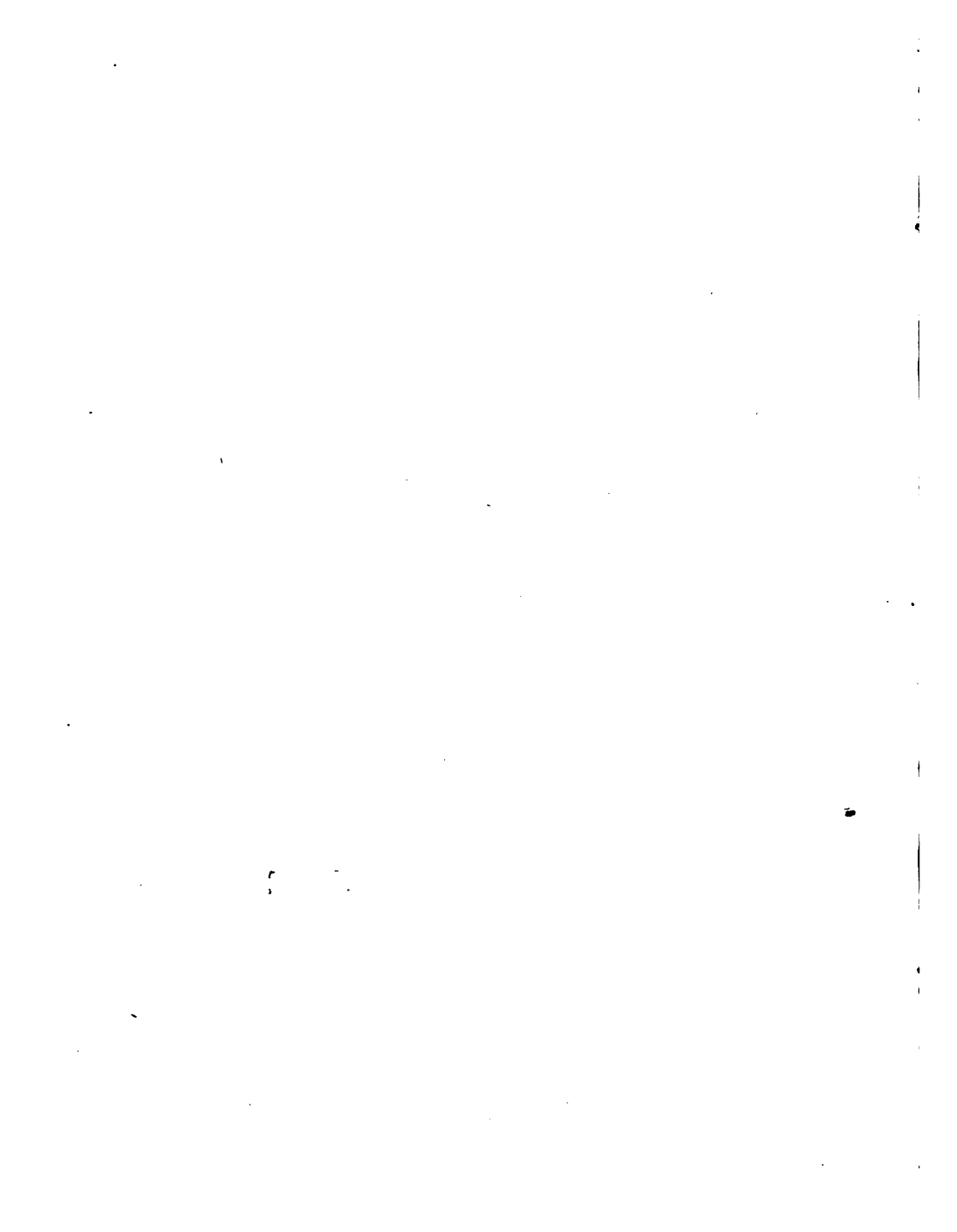
stone in silver, which is played for annually, by several parishes. Tradition reports, that it was given for that purpose by one of the kings of Scotland (James IV.), who was a keen curler.

* It has long been practised in the parish of Kilmarnock. One proof of this we find in the Life of the celebrated Wm. Guthrie, who in the year 1644 was ordained minister of Fenwick, (then called New-Kilmarnock, and separated in 1642 from the parish of Kilmarnock,) where it is stated, that he was fond of "the innocent recreations which *then prevailed*," among which was playing on the ice, &c. This gave him opportunities of mixing with the best of the neighbouring gentry.

“There are few amusements which excite more interest than the game of Curling. In the severest weather a good curler, while engaged in his favourite amusement, feels no cold. In playing himself, or assisting his partner with his broom, he finds sufficient exercise to keep him warm. It must therefore be highly conducive to health, and being performed at a time when the labours of the field are at a stand, and when several mechanical employments cannot be carried on, it gives little interruption to business. It brings men together in social intercourse; it enlarges and strengthens the ties of friendship, and enlivens the dreary hours of winter with festivity and happiness. Games in which scenes of cruelty are exhibited, and amusements which go to enervate and debauch the soul, may well be allowed to sink into oblivion; but those which tend to strengthen the body and cheer the mind, without possessing any corrupting influence, ought surely to be encouraged and promoted. In the present state of society, care should be taken to counteract, by every possible method, that effeminate habit of thinking, and of acting, which the

progress of luxury has a constant tendency to produce, and to call forth those exertions of the body and of the mind, which, when combined, constitute the perfection of the human character. That the game of Curling is conducive to this object, is abundantly obvious to all who are acquainted with it. While the Scottish youths, then, shall continue to practise this manly exercise, they should know, for their encouragement, that they are engaged in one of the most innocent and healthy amusements which their fathers have transmitted to them."





Songs.



Songs.



THE CURLERS,—A DUET.

AIR.—The auld wife ayont the fire.

LOCHSIDE.

Let feckless chields, like cruckit weans,
Gae blaw their thums, wi' pechs and granes,
Or thaw their fushionless shank banes,
And hurkle at the ingle :
But lads o' smeddum, crouse and bauld,
Whase blude can thole a nip o' cauld,
Your ice stanes in your grey plaids fauld,
And try on lochs a pingle.

CHORUS.

When snaw lies white on ilka knowe,
The ice stane and the gude broom kowe,
Can warm us like a bleezing low :
Fair-fa' the ice and curling !

Soop the rink, lads, wide enough ;
The hogscore mak', and mak' ilk brough ;
And though the game be close and tough,
 We aiblins yet may bang them :
Stan' on, Tam Scott ; ye've a gude e'e ;
Come creeping up the ice to me,
Lie here, my besom's on the tee,
 Let's hae a stane amang them.
 When snaw lies white, &c.

DAMBACK.

Johnny Gray, mak' this your rest,
A gude calm shot is aye the best ;
He's fled it, raging like a pest :
 O ! what's come owre ye, Johnny ?

LOCHSIDE.

Stand on, Peat Bog, and gie's a guard,
I ken ye can play : cautious, laird,
Just lie ahint our stane a yard :
 I like ye weel, that's bonnie.
 When snaw lies white, &c.

DAMBACK.

Now, Rob Roy, mind the ice is gleg,
Aim for the guard, and break an egg ;
But O ! be cautious, man, I beg ;
 He's roaring in the corner :

Soop, gie him heels, he's aff the ice ;
 The chields are fou, or else no wise :
 For gudesake ! will ye tak' advice,
 And play in your auld ordnar.
 When snaw lies white, &c.

LOCHSIDE.

Now, Geordie Goudie, here's a port,
 Be canny, and we'll soop ye for't ;
 I carena though ye're twa ells short :
 Han's up,—there's walth o' powther.

DAMBACK.

Now, Willie, here's a fine inring,
 Play straught, and rub him like a king :
 He's slipt his foot, and wi' a fling,
 The stane's out owre his shouther.
 When snaw lies white, &c.

Sin' I was born, and now I'm grey,
 I ne'er saw siccan wretched play ;
 Our fallows are clean wud the day,
 Their stanes like gouks are hurling :
 But bring the whisky and the baiks,
 Though fortune has played us the glaiks,
 A bumper to the Land o' Cakes,
 And her ain game o' curling.
 When snaw lies white, &c.

Sir Alexander Boswell,

WHITE WINTER ON ILK HILL.

Ans.—Killiekrankie.

White winter, on ilk hill and plain,
 Is a' its powers unfurling,
 And giving Scotia's sons again
 Their favourite game o' curling :
 That game which is like nature free,
 The Caledonian's darling ;
 For ever cursed let him be,
 Wha'd tax the game o' curling.

On ilka river, loch and pond,
 The bonspel is contested ;
 And, though their hearts are warm and keen,
 Yet envy is resisted :
 For, when the game is at an end,
 And the glasses round are whirling,
 Then ilka ane drinks to his friend,
 And the glorious game of curling.

Here lead the ice wi' canny care,
 And let it no be roaring ;
 Now take it dead, and hit it fair,
 Sen't aff the ice a-snoring :
 Now lay a guard, now strike a blow,
 Till a' the ice is dirling :

Blind victory goes to and fro
At the glorious game o' curling.

Come fill the glass, and send it round,
Sae jovial, and sae hearty :
Let mirth, unmix'd wi' care, abound,
Amang ilk curling party :
Aye may we play with social glee,
Devoid of strife and snarling,
Sae put it round, wi' three times three,
To freedom, love, and curling.

Rob. Hetrick, Dalmellington.



CAULD, CAULD, FROSTY WEATHER.

AN.—Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

Whan chittering birds, on flicht'ring wing,
About the barn doors mingle,
And biting frost, and cranreuch cauld,
Drive coofs around the ingle ;
Then to the loch the curlers hie,
Their hearts as light's a feather,
And mark the tee wi' mirth and glee,
In cauld, cauld, frosty weather.

Our buirdly leaders down white ice
Their whinstanes doure send snooving,

And birks and brooms ply hard before,
Whan ower the hogscore moving ;
Till, cheek by jowl within the brough,
They're laid 'side ane anither ;
Then round the tee we flock wi' glee,
In cauld, &c.

Wi' canny hand the neist play down
Their stanes of glibber metal,
Yet bunkers aften send aglee,
Although they weel did ettle :
' Now strike ! '—' No ! draw : '—' Come, fill the port, '
They roar, and cry, and blether ;
As round the tee we flock wi' glee,
In cauld, &c.,

A stalwart chiel, to redd the ice,
Drives roaring down like thunder,
Wi' awfu' crash the double guards
At ance are burst asunder ;
Rip-aping on frae random wicks,
The winner gets a yether ;
Then round the tee we flock wi' glee,
In cauld, &c.

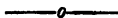
Our chief, wha's skill and steady arm
Gain mony a bonspel dinner,
Cries,—“ Open wide, stand off behind,
“ Fy, John, fy, show the winner : ”

He goes—he moves—he rides him out,
The length of ony tether ;
Huzzas wi' glee rise round the tee,
In cauld, &c.

But now the moon glints thro' the mist,
The wind blows snell and freezing,
Whan straight we bicker aff in haste
To whare the ingle's bleezing ;
In Curler Ha', sae bein and snug,
About the board we gather,
Wi' mirth and glee, airloin the tee,
In cauld, &c.

In canty cracks, and sangs, and jokes,
The night drives on wi' daffing,
And mony a kittle shot is ta'en
While we're the toddy quaffing :
Wi' heavy heart, we're laith to part,
But promise to forgather,
Around the tee, next morn wi' glee,
If cauld, &c.

A Member of the Duddingston Society.



THE MUSIC OF THE YEAR IS HUSHED.

Air.—Maggy Lauder.

The music of the year is hushed
In bonny glen and shaw, man,
An winter spreads, o'er nature dead,
A winding-sheet o' snaw, man ;
O'er burn and loch the warlock, frost,
A chrystal brig has laid, man,
The wild-geese, screaming wi' surprise,
The ice-bound wave ha'e fled, man.

Up, curler ! leave your bed sae warm,
And leave your coaxing wife, man,
Gae, get your besom, trickers, stanes,
And join the friendly strife, man ;
For on the water's face are met,
Wi' mony a merry joke, man,
The tenant and his jolly laird,
The pastor and his flock, man.

The rink is swept, the tees are marked,
The bonspel is begun, man ;
The ice is true, the stanes are keen ;
Huzza ! for glorious fun, man.
The skips are standing on the tee
To guide the eager game, man ;

Hush ! no a word—but mark the broom,
And take a steady aim, man.

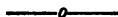
Here draw a shot—there lay a guard,
And here beside him lie, man,
Now let him feel a gamester's hand,
Now in his bosom die, man.
There fill the port, and block the ice,
We sit upon the tee, man ;
Now tak' this inring sharp and neat,
And mak' the winner flee, man,

How stands the game ? Its eight and eight :
Now for the winning shot, man,
Draw slow and sure, the ice is keen,
I'll sweep you to the spot, man.
The stane is thrown, it glides along,
The besoms ply it in, man,
Wi' twisting back the players stand,
And eager, breathless grin, man.

A moment's silence, still as death,
Pervades the anxious thrang, man,
Then sudden bursts the victors' shout,
Wi' hollas, loud and lang, man ;
Triumphant besoms wave in air,
And friendly banter fly, man,
Whilet, cauld and hungry, to the inn,
Wi' eager steps, they hie, man.

Now fill ae bumper—fill but ane,
 And drink wi' social glee, man,
 May curlers on life's slippery rink
 Frae cruel rubs be free, man ;
 Or should a treacherous bias lead
 Their erring steps a-jee, man,
 Some friendly inring may they meet
 To guide them to the tee, man.

Rev. Henry Duncan, Ruthwell.



WHEN BIRDS AND WIMPLING BURNS.

Air.—Maggy Lauder.

When birds and wimpling burns are dumb,
 And blades are cranreuch white ;
 When i' the lift the level sun
 Frae snaw gets back his light ;
 And on ae fit the henbirds sit,
 And chittering wail thegither ;
 Blythe morn and e'en's ilk curler keen,
 'Tis snell, snell, frosty weather.

Come, ply your besoms, soop the rink ;
 The snaw-shool labour sairly ;
 Hae ! there's the trickers, mak' the tees,
 And step the hogscores fairly ;

And, while the joke doth mirth provoke,
Let ilk man be a brither,
Blythe morn and e'en, a curler keen,
In snell, snell, frosty weather.

"Now, forehan', draw a canny shot :
Weel iced, sir ; just the thing :
Lads gae him feet,—oh ! polish clean,
It's a patlid in tee-ring."
"Tam !—play the same spring o'er again,
And loss na ye your stane ;
The ice ye ha'e, but frae bank to brae
Ye're ragin' :—ten ell gane."

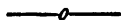
"Oh ! lay a guard ; the ice is gleg ;
Come creeping up snail-speed :
Oh, wha played that ?—that's like yoursel' ;
Our stane is covered dead."
"Tam ! tak' a yard, and pass their guard :
Oh mind the inside twist ;—
That bias crack has gart you tak'
Hinhan's promotion list."

And now the game gangs on like stour,
They inwick, ride and draw :
Ane breaks an egg on that stane's face,
Ane's owre amang the snaw :
The hogscore, too, gets collies a few,
Though kittled by a brither ;

Blythe morn and e'en are curlers keen,
In snell, snell, frosty weather.

I ha'e tried love, I ha'e tried war,
I've tried to play the warldling,
But, 'boon a' crafts or joys, to me,
Is winter's darling—curling ;
There's aye sic glee around the tee,
Ilk man's a social brither,
Blythe morn and e'en, a curler keen,
In snell, snell, frosty weather.

Ayr Advertiser.



A-CURLING WE WILL GO.

AIR.—A-hunting we will go.

When frost crowns ilka stream and lake,
And snows the hills adorn,
We curlers joyfully awake,
To hail the frosty morn.

CHORUS.

And a-curling we will go.

Our rink we sweep frae roughness free,
Our trickers fix wi' care,
Our leader plays straight for the tee,
And gains it to a hair.
And a-curling, &c.

Right carefully the next ane aims,
And draws it to his mind ;
His neighbour tries to do the same,
And lies same yards behind.
And a-curling, &c.

A sly director cries, " It's best
To draw up just tee-high,
And on this stone, Oh ! gently rest,
And we will sweep it by."
And a-curling, &c.

A guard, a guard, is all the cry,
He takes the wished for spot ;
But yet the next one edges by,
And lies a fine side-shot.
And a-curling, &c.

" Another guard yet let us have,
Oh, don't my broom pass by :
Sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep,
For shame—a hog to lie."
And a-curling, &c.

Now ye're wicked in, and we're wicked out,
And all the ports are blocked,
But, by the turning of the hand,
All guarding's but a mock.
And a-curling, &c.

Six stanes within the circle lie,
When lo ! the hindmost stone,
With thundering force knocks all about,
And lies the tee upon.
And a-curling, &c.

“ Bravo ! bravo ! thank you for’t,
It was most nobly done :
There never was more noble sport
Beheld by yonder sun.”
And a-curling, &c.

When darkening skies our pastime end,
Then homeward we repair,
With festive joys the night we spend,
And drive away dull care.
And a-curling, &c.

J. Bicket, Fenwick.

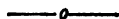


PARODY ON THE “MINSTREL BOY.”

The curler keen to the ice is gone,
On its glassy rinks you’ll find him ;
His carpet shoes he has buckled on,
And thrown dull care behind him :
“ Slippery game ! ” sung the curler bard,
“ Should all the world despise thee,

Scotia still thy fame shall guard,
Her faithful sons will prize thee."

The curler fell ! and he missed his aim ;
The foe loud cheer'd the blunder :
" Hurra ! " they cried, " we have won the game ; "
And he tore his broom asunder,
And said, " Tho' now is lost to me
This crystal field of bravery,
The game was made for the bold and free,
And shall ne'er be played in slavery."
A Member of the Ayr Curling Club.



LET RUSSIA EXULT.

AIR.—Let them boast of the country gave Patrick his birth.

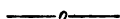
Let Russia exult in her snowy glissade,
And skim down its steep, of no danger afraid,
With her rein-deer snow-shoe and her sledges that flee ;
Let her boast of her spring, and its magical birth,
From white desolation to verdure and mirth ;
Caledonia ! my country ! fair land of the free,
Thy hills and thy ice-covered vallies for me,
Thou land of the ice stone, the broom, and the tee !

With a band of keen curlers, O what can compare,
In a bright frosty morning, as forth we repair
To the loch, wi' the ice stone, the broom, and the tee :

The sun that's above us, and sees all our glee,
 Is not to all men more benignant than we ;
 For honour we strive, and no envious soul
 Shall ever disgrace our philanthropic roll,
 In the land of the ice stone, the broom, and the tee.

Let's toast " Winter sports, and to curling success ;"
 Nor gout nor rheumatic its votaries distress,
 With our nerve-bracing ice stone, our broom, and our tee ;
 We breathe healthy gales, from the north tho' they blow ;
 Our blood only warms with the frost and the snow ;
 Content's at our elbow—though keenly we play,
 And our motto's, " Tho' beat now, have at you next day,"
 With our ice stones of victory, our broom, and our tee.

Dumfries Newspaper.



THE CHANNEL STANE.

AIR.—Highland Harry.

Of a' the games that e'er I saw,
 Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
 The dearest, far aboon them a',
 Was aye the witching channel stane.

CHORUS.

Oh ! for the channel stane !
 The fell good game the channel stane !
 There's no a game that e'er I saw,
 Can match auld Scotland's channel stane.

I've been at bridals unco glad,
Wi' courting lasses wondrous fain,
But what is a' the fun I've had,
Compare it wi' the channel stane?
Oh! for, &c.

I've played at quoiting in my day,
And maybe I may do't again,
But still unto myself I'd say,
This is no the channel stane.
Oh! for, &c.

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
Never to come back again,
I'd sweep the moon and starlets by,
And beat them at the channel stane.
Oh! for, &c.

We'd boom across the milky way,
One tee should be the Northern Wain,
Another, bright Orion's ray,
A comet for a channel stane.
Oh! for, &c.
The Ettrick Shepherd.

FAREWHEEL FOR A WHILE.

AIR.—*Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.*

Fareweel for a while to the blythe game o' curling :
The snaw-drap has blossomed, and verdant's the glen ;
But when autumn has gane, and the winter's returning,
Hail besom, and stanes, and the keen ice again !
Aft hae we played, and aye harmony keepit,
Fu' blythe hae the snell days o' winter gane past,
Aft hae we feasted, and sound hae we sleepit,
And ruddy we're grown in the chill norland blast.

Ye puir, feckless chields, wha drink doctors' vile drushocks,
Throw them a' to the dogs, and be guided by me,
Get stanes and a broom, tak' a season at curling,
And the pains of disease in a jiffie will flee.
Though bonny the spring wi' its green herblets tender,
And bright though the warm smile o' simmer may be,
Yet welcome the storms and the snaws o' December,
The ice, and the stanes, and the besom to me.

Then drain deep the cog, till the brain is a-whirling,
And pledge me, ye lovers o' Scotia's ain game,
To the memory of him, the inventor o' curling,
Though the mists of oblivion envelope his name,
Then fareweel for a while to the blythe game, &c., &c.

WHAN CAULD THE NORLAND
BREEZES.

An.—Johnny Cope.

Whan cauld the norland breezes blaw,
And keenly drive the drifting snaw,
The joyfu' curlers, ane and a',
Loud hail the frosty morning :
Ilk breast beats high, the sky is clear,
There's no a cloud to gender fear,
Hark ! hark ! the cry's baith far and near,
Let's aff to the ice in the morning :

CHORUS.

O ! winter has its joys in store,
Tho' loud and lang the tempests roar ;
How blythe to meet the curling core
Upon the ice in the morning.

The gowden sun has chased the dawn,
In snaw-clad livery lies the lawn,
Ilk winding streamlet seems to stan'
In fetters bound, this morning :
Now to the loch, the bog or dam,
The curlers turn out to a man,
Wi' hearts as bauld as highland clan,
To meet the foe in the morning.
Oh ! winter, &c.

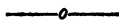
Begun, now cautious, pair by pair,
 They tak' the ice wi' meikle care,
 And neither broom nor arm they spare

To soop the ice in the morning :
 The ice it keen and keener grew,
 The stanes they fast and faster flew,
 For what does ill-luck but renew
 Fresh ardour e'en and morning ?

Oh ! winter, &c.

The sun descends 'mang clouds o' fire,
 So nature's short-lived days expire ;
 And curlers, reft o' light, retire,
 Right weary since the morning ;
 Then snugly housed, the social folk
 Laugh blythe, and sing midst toddy smoke :
 And toasts and jokes, that mirth provoke,
 Protract their glee till the morning.

Oh ! winter, &c.



ADVICE TO CURLERS.

Ans.—The auld wife ayont the fire,

Ye jovial curlers, ane and a',
 Gae, clear the ice frae drifted snaw,
 The morn may aiblins bring a thaw,
 This day is only yours :

Ye're met to spend the day in glee,
Then mak' the rink, the rings and tee,
A hogscore too there needs maun be,
To egg the lazy's powers.

CHORUS.

O ! curling is the game for fun,
Wale ilka lan' aneath the sun,
Frae Zembla's shore to Hindostan,
Ye'll fin' nae game like curling.

Let ane direct on ilka side,
And sooping be the curler's pride,
Gin pouther's wantin', O ! gie't speed,
And kittle't wi' the broom kowe :
Now fit the crampits, and be sure
Your stane is free frae snaw and stour,
Then wait the word frae him in power,
And aye direction follow.

Oh ! curling, &c.

If first ye lie, your play's to guard,
A second shot aye disregard,
The first is sure of a reward,
If snug frae hin'-han' riding :
Oh ! dinna lie behin' the ring,
Nor e'er your ice-stane roaring fling
For canny play is aye the thing
Your neighbour may confide in.
Oh ! curling, &c.

Ne'er thraw and wrangle o'er a shot,
 For mony a temper waxes hot,
 Aye mak' the string decide the lot,
 And 'gree like curling brithers :
 And, when at night the game's replayed,
 O'er toddy, ne'er mak vain parade,
 Wi' "We're the men, and wha's afraid ;"
 Sic boasting friendship withers.
 Oh ! curling, &c.

For whare's the players ne'er were matched ?
 The keenest ha'e been nappin' caught ;
 And aft the victory is snatched
 When ye're cock-sure o' winning :
 Then gin ye meet by night or day,
 To drink your toddy or to play,
 Let manly feelings bear the sway,
 Low envy aye disdaining.

Oh ! curling, &c.

George Wyse.

—o—

CATCHES.

Music.—A boat, a boat, haste to the ferry.

Let's ower the muir in frosty weather,
 To yon loch, amang the heather,
 Wi' brooms and stanes to play thegither.

Mus.—The Cookoo Catch.

'Tis blythe upon the frozen deep
To see the curlers sweep,
To see the merry curlers sweep.

IN SPRING WHAT LOVELY DAYS.

Air.—Thou hast left me ever, Jamie.

In spring what lovely days are seen !
Creation's holiday !
When nature, with a brighter green,
Paints field and forest gay :
Yet joyless all these charms, I ween,
For sweeter far than they
The curler deems the icy sheen,
And Scotland's manly play.

'Tis sweet to see the summer sun,
When heaven from clouds is free,
Pour down its mellow beams upon
Field, rock, and forest tree :
But to the ardent curler's eye,
'Tis sweeter far to see
It struggling 'midst a cloudy sky
If beaming on the tee.

Let others haunt the festive-hall
Where wine-cups sparkle bright—

The witchery of the crowded ball,
Illumed by beauty's light :
But give to me the frozen lake,
All crowded to the brink,
Where joyful shouts of victory break
From every ardent rink.

Blackwood's Magazine.



AULD DADDY SCOTLAND.

AIR.—The auld wife ayont the fire.

Auld daddy Scotland sat ae day
Bare-legged on a snawy bae,
His brawny arms wi' cauld were blae,
The wind was snelly blawin' :
As icicles froze at his snout,
He rowed his plaid his head about,
Sine raired to heaven a roupit shout,
Auld Albyn's Jove miscawing :

CHORUS.

Oh ! for a cheery, heartsome game,
To send through a' the soul a flame,
Pit birr and smeddum in the frame,
And set the blude a-dinling.

“ Oh, doul and wae ! this wretched clime ;
What care I for my hills sublime,

If covered aye wi' frosty rime?

I'm right mischantlie dealt wi' : "

Quo' Jove, and gied his kilt a heeze,

"Fule carle what gars ye grunt and wheeze,

Get up ! I'll get an exercise

To het your freezing melt wi' ;

I'll get a cheery heartsome game, &c.

Gae get twa whinstanes, round and hard,

Sine on their taps twa thorn roots gird,

Then soop the ice for mony a yard,

And mak' baith tee and colly :

If in the hack your fit ye hide,

And draw or inwick, guard or ride,

Sine wi' your besom after't stride,

We'll hear nae mair o' caul aye :

That, Sawny's what I ca' a game, &c.

"Great thanks ! " auld daddy Scotland cries,

"Sly, pauky chield, for thy advice,

We'll birale now our shins on ice,

Instead o' owre the ingle :

Let ilka true born Scottish son,

When cranreuch cleeds the snawy grun',

'Mang curling cores seek harmless fun,

And gar his heart's blude tingle."

Oh ! curling, cauld-defying game, &c.

Scots Magazine.

SEE THE YOUNGSTERS.

(A VERY OLD SONG.)

AIR.—I'm a blade both free and easy.

See the youngsters at the curling,
 Keenly set the bet to gain ;
 Hear ! the ponderous stones are hurling
 O'er the slippery, glassy plain :

CHORUS.

All the day, ice and play,
 Oh ! how happy, happy they !

Now they ply the ardent besom,
 Snow and ice to sweep away,
 Merry hearted, blythe and gleesome,
 Eager they pursue the play.
 All the day, &c.

See how one, with feet unwary,
 Groaning falls, a senceless log ;
 While another, weak and weary,
 Slinks behind, a shamefull hog.
 All the day, &c.

Now they strive to guard the passes,
 Slow but sure the cast is thrown :
 Now the artful player watches
 To inring his neighbour's stone.
 All the day, &c.

Now they hail the skilful winner,
And admire his lucky shot :
Then they hie them home to dinner,
There to spend their latest groat.
All the day, &c.

How merry now they pass the evening,
Plying hard the cheerful drink,
And with social voices joining,
Sing the praises of the rink.
All the day, &c.

A player on the ice at Ayr.

NOW WINTRY BREEZES.

AIR.—Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

Now wintry breezes fiercely blow,
And ilka hill lies wreathed in snaw,
The frost, inspiring curlers a',
Paves owre the watery plain :
Shall we, then, by the ingle lie,
When curling stones should thundering fly,
And hills should echo back the cry,
“Prepare the curling stane”?

No! Scotland's sons love piercing frost,
We fear not winter's snellest blast,
But aff we march in squadrons vast,

When bursts the opening day :
Then on the loch our brooms we ply,
From morn till e'en our ice stanes fly,
Aft peals of victory rend the sky,
"Bravo! glorious play!"

Oh! noble game the nerves to brace!
When ilk strives to maintain his place,
A contest keen's the icy race,

When at the bonspel met :
Ane aly directs, ane draws, ane rides,
Ane sweeps or snug the winner hides,
But the last head alone decides

The game at gloaming late.

'Mang crimson clouds low sinks the sun,
And winter's brief-lived day is done,
Then hame wi' speed the curlers run,

And leave the frozen scene :
Now round the social board we join,
Wi' hand and heart we all combine,
In bumpers full of flowing wine,
To drink "A' curlers keen."

WHEN DARK DECEMBER.

Am.—Killiecrankie.

When dark December ushers in
 Its annual round of frost and snaw,
'Tis then the curling game begins,
 So dear to Caledonia ;
And many a happy curling core
 Assembles on the icy plain,
There to contest the game once more,
 And victory's verdant laurels gain.

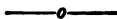
"Come lead the ice"—the hin'-han' cries,
 "And lead it strait and slow to me :
It's grandly played—eh, man ! it lies
 Within five inches of the tee."
"Now strike it," cries the other side,
 " Tak' tent and play it sure and slow :
The chiel is wud ! it's roaring wide ;
 But never mind it—let it go."

Here lay a guard, right cannily,
 Or draw a shot as need may be ;
Come gies an inring—that's the way
 For coming sideways to the tee.
And aye the strife it is as keen
 As e'er at Waterloo could be ;

Here's nought but honour to be seen :
We only strike for victory.

Then to the tavern we repair
To drown our strife in barley bree,
The day's delight is ripened there,
And crowned wi' social mirth and glee :
Then fill a bumper to the king,
And to the land of curling free,
High may the wretch like Haman swing
That would curtail sic liberty.

Rob. Hetrick, Dalmellington.



HAIL WINTER AGAIN.

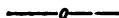
Air.—In the garb of old Gaul.

Hail winter again ! with thy frost and thy snow,
And thy tempests, that chill o'er the bare mountain blow ;
How blythely we curlers submit to thy reign,
Since it ushers the period of curling again :
But ye, who indulge in luxurious ease,
And tremble, afraid of the nerve-bracing breeze ;
Know !—that breeze, as a zephyr, the curler enjoys,
As his bold manly game on the white lake he plies.

When the sun has gone down, and the welkin is grey,
And the din of the rink has low melted away,

How merry we curlers encircle the bowl !
 That awakes, unrestrained, all the wit of the soul ;
 And though rough it may be—so unmingled with gall,
 It awakes but the laugh on whome'er it may fall :
 Thus passes the cold reign of winter away
 With that game, at which monarchs disdained not to play.

M——.



ITALIAN CHAPS AT CARNIVALS.

ALL.—There's nae luck about the house.

Italian chaps at Carnivals,
 Whare sweeties thick are plunkin',
 May range about like bacchanals,
 The sugary showers jinkin' :
 But we wha live in Scotland braid,
 And hear her winter snarling,
 Are fain to tak' a manlier trade,
 And thaw our blude in curling.

CHORUS.

Hail Scotland, wi' thy ancient play
 When winter cleeds the plain !
 Thy buirdly race shall ne'er decay
 While curling shall remain.

The loch is crowded like a fair,
 Auld carles are thrang surveying,

The skeitchers fleeing cleave the air,
At tigg or shinty playing ;
The lassies, by the waterside,
Mair tim'rously are biding,
Nor think o' hame, nor mother's flyte,
Till tired wi' hunker-sliding.
Hail Scotland, &c.

The curling billies, on their rinks,
Around the tees are flocking ;
And though their eident care ne'er winks,
Right cantily they're joking :
" This angled guard : "—" O, edge him in ; "
" Soop, lads : "—" be canny drawing : "
Are dimly heard 'mid Babel din
O' victors' loud huzzaing.
Hail Scotland, &c.

How keen the sooping springalds rin,
Ae shot sets a' hearts beating,
They shout, they mette sax yards ahin,
As ilk shot had their fate in't :
But see the baiks and ham and yill
Sune snool a' strife and quarrelling,
The toast gangs round, " May Scotland still
Enjoy her game o' curling."
Hail Scotland, &c.

HOW BARE THE TREES.

AIR.—There's nae luck about the house.

How bare the trees, and waste the plains,
All nature's face is sad ;
Thro' woods and lawns deep silence reigns,
And hills wi' snaw are clad.
The breath of heav'n arrests the streams,
That murmuring us'd to flow ;
The sun withholds his genial beams,
And biting breezes blow.

CHORUS.

Oh ! winter has its joys for me,
When on the frozen deep,
We curlers keen, wi' mirth and glee,
The icy pavement sweep.

Then fore-han' stanes, on mirror keen,
Wi' gentle progress glide,
And many a cheerfu' face is seen,
When near the tee they slide.
Oh ! for a Tell's unerring aim,
To drive them off the ice :
Curs'd fortune mars his growing fame,
He guards the winner nice.

Oh ! winter has, &c.

72 THE KILMARNOCK TREATISE ON CURLING.

Wi' frequent shouts, and loud hurrahs,
The game wi' glee proceeds ;
And fortune's fickleness displays,
As well as mightier deeds ;
Tho' now they think the winner snug,
Wi' double guards before ;
Yet wi' the twist,—a ride,—or stug,
It lies the shot no more.

Oh ! winter, &c.

The stars of heaven begin to burn,
And fill its vault with light,
Then homeward hungry we return,
And feast away the night :
Our sport we crown wi' many a bowl,
And mirth wi' freedom use :
To warm the heart and cheer the soul
Can Scotsmen e'er refuse ?

Oh ! winter, &c.

KILMARNOCK, —





Toasts and Sentiments.



Winter sports.

The land o' Cakes and Curling.

May curlers on life's slippery rink

Frae cruel rubs be free.

A' keen curlers.

Frosty weather, fair play, and festivity.

Canny skips and eident players.

Happy meetings after curling.

Gleg ice and keen curlers.

A fortnight's hard frost.

May we ne'er lie a hog when we should be at the tec.

A steady e'e and a sure han'.

Sly direction.

A gude delivery.

A han'-han' player no wise behind the han'.

The ice *tee* before the Chinese.

Crunkly ice without crack or bias.

The tee without water.

The pillars of the bonspel,—rivalry and good-fellowship.

74 THE KILMARNOCK TREATISE ON CURLING.

May the blossoms of friendship never be nipt by the frost of contention.

May every sport prove as innocent as that which we enjoy on the ice.

To every ice-player well equipped.





Sayings.

- 1.—Fit fair and rink straight,—Draw a shot,—Come creeping down,—A canny forehan',—Straight ice and slow,
—Just wittyr high,—A tee shot,—A pat-lid.
- 2.—O! for a guard,—Owre the colly and ye're a great shot,
—Fill the port,—Block the ice,—Guard the winner.
- 3.—Sweep, sweep,—Gi'e him heels,—Bring him down,—
Polish cleen,—Kittle weel.
- 4.—Side for side,—Cheek by jowl,—Within the brough,—
A gude sidelin shot,—A stane on ilka side of the cockee.
- 5.—A rest on this stane,—Just break an egg,—Lie in the
bosom of the winner,—Tee length,—Keep the crown
o' the rink.
- 6.—An angled guard.
- 7.—A little of the natural twist,—Mind the bias,—Borrow
a yard.
- 8.—Haud the win' aff him, he's gleg.
- 9.—Tak' him through.
- 10.—Don't let him see that again.
- 11.—Break the guards,—Redd the ice.

76 THE KILMARNOCK TREATISE ON CURLING.

- 12.—A smart ride,—A thundering ride,—Tak' your will o'
that ane,—Pit smeddum in't,—Come snooving down
white ice,—Just follow that.
- 13.—Don't flee the guards.
- 14.—Watch that ane.
- 15.—A glorious stug.
- 16.—Come chuckling up the port.
- 17.—A canny shot through a narrow port.
- 18.—An ell gane on the winner,—Raise this stane a yard.
- 19.—A gude inwick,—An inwick aff the snaw.





Glossary

OF TERMS AND PHRASES.

Angled guard, a stone which only obliquely covers one or more stones.

Bias, an inclination in the ice.

Block the ice, see *fill the port*.

Boardhead, the space around the tee and broughs, where the stones rest.

Bonspel, *bonspiel*, *bonspeel*, (French *bon*, good, and Belgic *spel*, a play,—a good game : or Suio-Gothic, *bonne*, a husbandman ; or Belg. *bonne*, a village, or district ; because one district challenges another to play at this sport,) a match at curling between two opposite parties.

Break an egg on, to touch one stone very gently with another.

Broom kowe, (*kowe*, supposed to be derived from the same word as *colly*,) a bunch of broom originally used instead of a brush or besom.

Brough, (Alemanic, *bruchus*, a camp, often circular ; Greek

Bpoχes, a chain round the neck,) a circle drawn round the *tee*.

Bunker, (Islandic, *bunga*, a swelling,) a hillock or prominence in the ice.

Channel stane, a curling stone.

To chuckle, to make a succession of *inwicks* up a *port* to a certain object.

Circle, see *brough*.

Cockee, the *tee*.

Coll, *colly*, *coal-score*, (probably from Suio-Gothic, *kulla*,) same as *bogscore*. The Scotch word *coll* means to cut any thing obliquely, and the line is often made waving.

Crampit, *cramp-bit*, (Teutonic, *krampe* to contract,) a flat piece of iron with four sharp pikes below, bound to the sole of the shoe with a strap and buckle, to keep the curler from slipping.

Creep, the stones are said to *creep* or *sleep*, when they are thrown with little force.

Curling, (German, *kurzweillen*, to play for amusement; or Teutonic, *krullen*, *krollen*, *sinuare*, to bend,—as the great art of the game is to make the stones *bend* towards the mark, when they cannot be directed in a straight line. The French, *crouler*, is, to move fast, and *croulant*, shaking,) sliding stones along the ice towards a mark.

Dead guard, a stone which completely covers any object.

Delivering, the act of throwing the stone.

Director, the person who informs his party where and how to play.

Draw a shot, to play a stone gently, direct to any particular spot.

Draw up a port, see *enter a port*.

Driver, see *hin'-ban'*.

Edge in, to rub one stone with another closely and gently.

Enter a port, to make a stone pass through an opening formed by two or more stones.

Fill the port, to place a stone so as to prevent a shot being taken through a port by the opposite party.

Fill the ice, nearly the same as *fill the port*.

Fled the ice, a stone has taken a direction off the rink.

Fore-ban', the person who plays first in order in his party.

Gie't belts, sweep the stone.

Guard, to lay a stone in a direct line before another.

Hack, or *hatch*, (Icelandic, *hiacka*, or Suio-Gothic, *hacka*, a chop or crack,) a longitudinal hollow cut in the ice a short distance from the *tee*, to prevent the foot from slipping as the stone is delivered.

Head, (probably a corruption of *beat*,) that portion of the game in which both parties play all their stones once.

Hin'-ban', the person who plays last in order in his party.

Hogscore, the distance-line in the game. The stones which do not pass this line are distanced, as it were, and thrown aside as useless.

Ice stone, curling stone.

Inring, an inwick : see *wicking*.

Inside twist, to cause a stone to revolve on its sole to the right.

Inwick, see *wicking*.

To kittle, to sweep a stone keenly.

Kuting, kuyten, (probably Teutonic, *kluyten, kalluyten*, to play with round icy masses,—to contend with quoits in an icy plain,) in Ayrshire pronounced *coiting*, or *quoiting*,—signifies curling. The Dutch word *coete* means a quoit.

Lead, see *foreband*.

Lie in the bosom of, to make a stone gently touch and lie before another.

Outside twist, to cause a stone to revolve on its sole to the left.

Outwick, to touch the outside of one stone with another, so as to carry the former towards the *tee*.

Pat lid, a curling stone lying on the *tee*.

Port, an opening formed by stones lying opposite each other.

Pouter, strength applied to the stone in delivering it.

Quoiting, coiting, see *kuting*.

Rack, see *rink*.

Redd the ice, (Islandic, *rada, ordinare*, to put in order,) to break the guards with a strongly played shot, in order to lay open the *tee* or the *winner*.

Rest, to draw to any object so as not to pass it—see *lie in the bosom of*.

Ride, to throw a stone with great force towards another, to carry it out.

Rink, rynk, renk, (a course or race; probably from Saxon, *brinc*, a strong man,) the portion of ice on which the game is played.

Shot, a stone thrown towards any object: a stone which counts.

Side or *sidelin shot*, a stone placed on either side of the *tee*.

Skip, (probably from Suio-Gothic, *skeppare*, a master; thence

English *skipper*, master of a vessel,) a *director*.

Sole fair, to lay the stone fair on the ice in delivering.

Stug, a shot gained by accident.

Tee, *toesee*, probably from Islandic *tia*, to point out the place;

or Teutonic, *tygh-en*, to point to,) a small hole made in the ice, in the centre of the *brouchs*; the winning point, towards which the stones are thrown.

Tee-head, see *boardhead*.

Trickers, or *triggers*, pieces of iron, with sharp pikes below, and a *bold* on the top, fixed in the ice to serve instead of a *back*.

Twist, to make a stone revolve on its sole, as it slides to its destination.

Whinstanes, curling stones.

White ice, the ice up the middle of the rink, whitened by the friction of the stones.

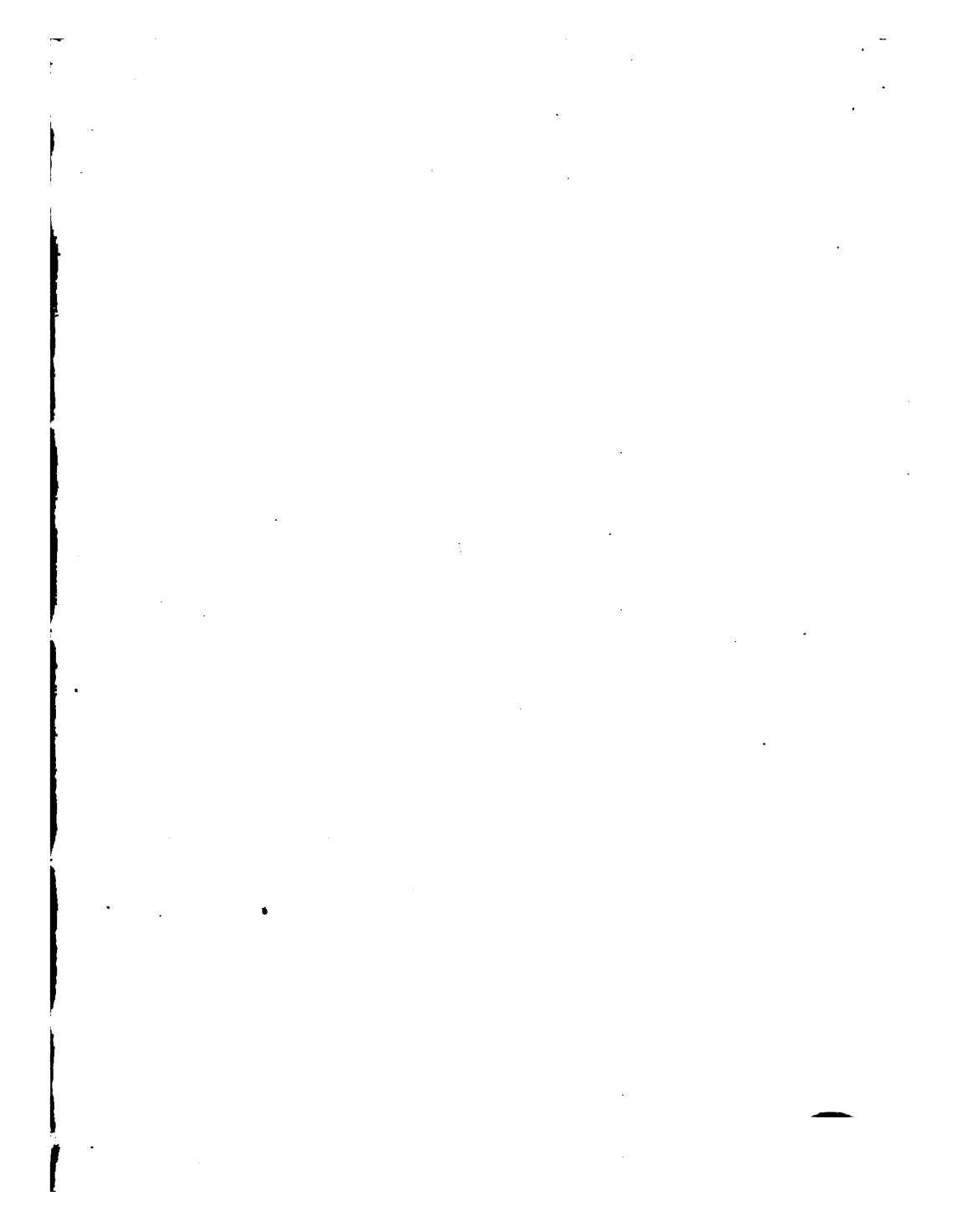
Wicking, *wick*, *inwick*, (Suio-Gothic, *wick*, a corner, because only a corner of the stone is hit: or Teutonic, *wyck*, a turning,) to make a stone take an oblique direction, by striking another on the side.

Winner, the stone nearest the *tee*.

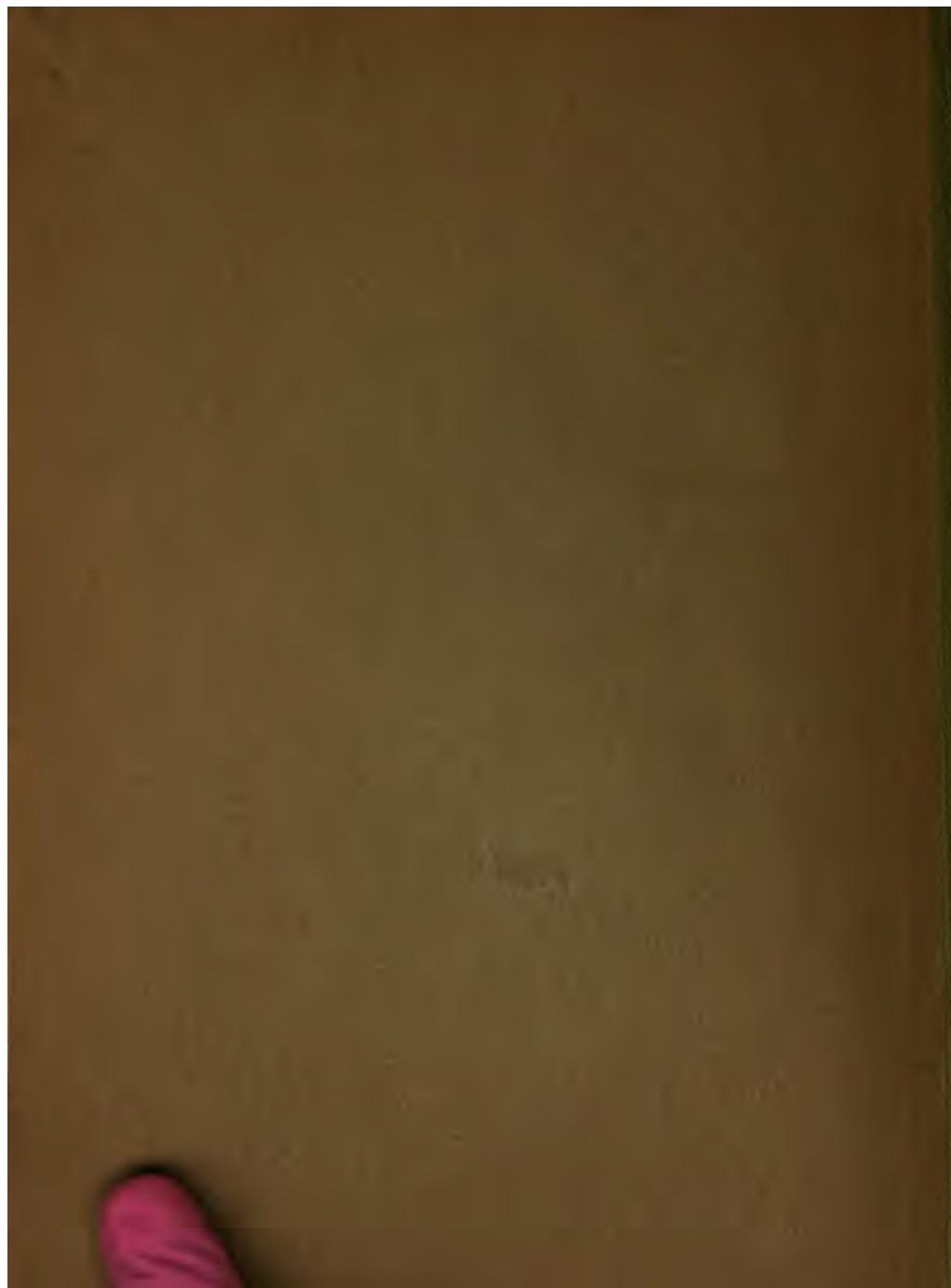
Witter, *wittyr*, (Suio-Gothic, *wittra*, *indicare*, to point out,) the *tee*.



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